MARVEL COMICS
ELEKTRA
DEC '96
2
ELEKTRA
BULLSEYE™ RETURNS!
KILL ME ONCE, SHAME ON YOU. KILL ME TWICE...
MIKE DEODATO JR.
DIRECT EDITION
$1.95 US $2.75 CAN

YEARS AGO.
GREEN.
THAT'S WHAT HE SEES.
A KIND OF MUDDY GREEN.
IT'LL BE SOME TIME BEFORE A PRISON DOCTOR INFORMS HIM THAT HE SUFFERS FROM PROTANOPIA.
A FORM OF COLOR-BLINDNESS.
HE IS EIGHT YEARS OLD.
MA RAN OFF WITH A DOUBLE-GLAZING SALESMAN.
HE CAN'T FIGURE OUT WHETHER PA IS STILL DROWNING HIS SORROWS ... OR STILL CELEBRATING.
THAT'S HIM NOW, INSIDE THE TRAILER, SHOOTING OFF ABOUT WHATEVER'S SHAKING HIS CAGE TODAY...
THE TARGET IS COMPLETE.
THIS IS THE ONE THING HE'S GOOD AT.
ONE THING THEY CAN'T TEACH HIM AT SCHOOL.
FWWP
WHICH IS WHY HE DOESN'T BOTHER GOING.
THWAK
BULLSEYE!

FATHERS DAY

NOW.

BULLSEYE KILLED HER ONCE BEFORE, ON THIS VERY SPOT.

STUCK HER OWN SAI INTO HER PRETTY LITTLE RIB CAGE.

THIS TIME HE PLANS HER DEMISE TO BE SLOWER, CRUELLER, MORE ANATOMICALLY INVASIVE...

...AND PERMANENT.

ELEKTRA HAS TRIED TO TURN AWAY FROM THE DARK IMPULSES THAT TURNED HER INTO A COLD-HEARTED ASSASSIN...

...THAT DROVE HER ON A BLOODY VENDETTA AGAINST THE WORLD THAT HAD MURDERED HER FATHER...

...AND SHE WAS DOING WELL. SHE WAS DOING REALLY WELL...

...UNTIL NOW.

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HE SEEMS CRAZIER THAN EVER...
HE SMELLS RANCID...
...AN ANIMAL STENCH.
ONE HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN POUNDS... CHEATED ON AN ENGLISH PAPER...
...KISSED A BOY AT FOURTEEN...
... AND HE DOESN'T STOP TALKING.
SHE FLIES THROUGH THE AIR...
...WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE...
SHE WANTS TO WHEEL HIM AWAY FROM THE MAN AND HIS DAUGHTER...
TAKE HIM OUT QUICK.
HER OWN PERSONALIZED VERSION OF IKI-TSUKI AND TSUKI...
... DIRECT BLOWS WITH THE PALM AND THE FOOT.
WHY DOES HE KEEP TALKING?
IT ISN'T POSSIBLE, SHE THINKS...
NO ONE'S THAT FAST--
A GOLD-FRAMED MIRROR IN THE HALL WHERE SHE STUDIED THE BRACES ON HER TEETH...
PULSE FORTY-NINE IN REPOSE...
Uhhh!
SUSCEPTIBLE TO A SWIFT HINERI-UCHI TO THE LOWER SPINE.
THE WORDS KEEP COMING.
"FAVORITE FOOD... GARLIC, BREAD AND OLIVES."
IT'S ME, SHE THINKS.
"LEFT LEG TWO EIGHTHS OF AN INCH SHORTER THAN THE RIGHT. VISION TWENTY TWENTY. HAIR BLACK, EYES BROWN..."
HE'S TALKING ABOUT ME.

HEY, YOU'RE PRETTY.
AFTER I FINISH OFF THE GREEK BROAD, YOU CAN HELP ME CELEBRATE, LITTLE SISTER.
UNNGKK!
GET YOUR FILTHY HANDS OFF HER!!
WAIT...
BRAVE LITTLE MAN!
WSSHH
NO!
KLANG!
HER HEAD HASN'T CLEARED YET.
THERE'S A FIRE RAGING DOWN THE LEFT SIDE OF HER BODY.
SHE MOVES BY INSTINCT ALONE--
--IS LUCKY TO GET THE MEREST TOUCH TO BULLS-EYE'S SHAKEN.
IT'S ENOUGH.
TWAK
HUH?
BUT ONLY JUST.

BULLSEYE!
IT'S ME YOU WANT.
YOU WANT ME SO BAD IT HURTS.
WAIST, TWENTY-TWO INCHES...
SEXUAL PREFERENCES ...UNKNOWN...
BIRTH-MARK OF 666 ON HER SKULL...
JUS' KIDDIN'.
REACTION TIME, LIKE A CAT...
HAND-EYE COORDINATION, PHENOMENAL...
WOULDN'T SWALLOW THE VALIUM THEY GAVE HER...
...AFTER DADDY-DEAREST KICKED THE BUCKET.
SHUT UP.
Huh?
GOTCHA!
HE ANTICIPATED IT.
HE WAS WAITING FOR IT TO HAPPEN.
SHE'S WAITING FOR IT TO STOP.
HER NAME IS NINA McCABE.
SHE'LL NEVER FORGET THE WAY HE LOOKED AT HER, HOW NAKED HE MADE HER FEEL.
SHE TOLD HER FATHER THEY SHOULDN'T COME TO NEW YORK.
DAD?

DAYS AGO.
DAD?
THERE'S STILL TIME FOR US TO TURN BACK.
I HATE NEW YORK. EVERYWHERE SMELLS LIKE AN OLD PERSON'S KITCHEN.
YOU'RE SO FUNNY, NINA. I DON'T KNOW WHAT I'D DO WITHOUT YOU.
I'M ONLY TRYING TO DO WHAT'S BEST FOR YOU, HONEY.
WHAT'S BEST IS WE STAY IN IOWA. OR STAY WITH AUNT BETSY IN FRANCE.
FRANCE IS OUT OF THE QUESTION. I THOUGHT YOU LIKED VISITING YOUR GRAND-PARENTS--
DOESN'T MEAN I WANT TO LIVE WITH THEM.
IT'LL ONLY BE UNTIL I GET A JOB, PAY OFF SOME BILLS...
HOTEL
...LOOK, THERE'RE HUNDREDS OF JOBS. THOUSANDS OF JOBS.
DAD, YOU DON'T TALK ABOUT MOM ANY-MORE.
WOW, LOOK AT THAT SKYLINE. AIN'T THAT SOME-THING?
I THINK WE'RE BOTH GONNA GET ALONG JUST DANDY HERE.
NOW.
DAD...WHO ARE THOSE PEOPLE?
I...I DON'T KNOW, HONEY...
BAD PEOPLE...

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NOW.
DAD...WHO ARE THOSE PEOPLE?
I...I DON'T KNOW, HONEY...
BAD PEOPLE...

"...VERY BAD PEOPLE."
SHE'S GETTING TIRED.
HE CAN SENSE IT.
FILTHY FOREIGN LITTLE RICH GIRL. THINK YOU'RE SO MUCH BETTER THAN A POOR AMERICAN BOY LIKE ME.
BUT I KNOW ALL THERE IS TO KNOW ABOUT YOU AND YOU AIN'T.
TOO SLOW. TOO PREDICTABLE.
TOO SPOILT.
Ahh!
BREAKING ...ARM...
LIKE OLD TIMES, eh, 'LEKTRA?
JUS' YOU, ME, THE MOON-LIGHT...
...AND YOUR SAI!
THEN SHE SEES IT.
AND THEN--
--SHE HEARS IT.
A MONSTER CLEARING ITS THROAT.
ABOVE...

EVERYTHING
FALLS
APART
...EVEN AS HER MIND DETACHES ITSELF FROM HER BODY...
LEAVING HER BODY FREE TO MOVE ON ITS OWN...
...DOES SHE SEE STICK, HER MENTOR?
IMAGINATION? GHOST?
NEAR DEATH EXPERIENCE?
YOU GOT YOURSELF INTO THIS. PRIDE. REVENGE. MAYBE A LITTLE DEATH WISH...
YOU COULD HAVE WALKED AWAY, JUST AS McKINLEY STEWART AND KING LAU SUGGESTED... BUT OH, NO...
WELL...
...YOU'RE ON YOUR OWN NOW...

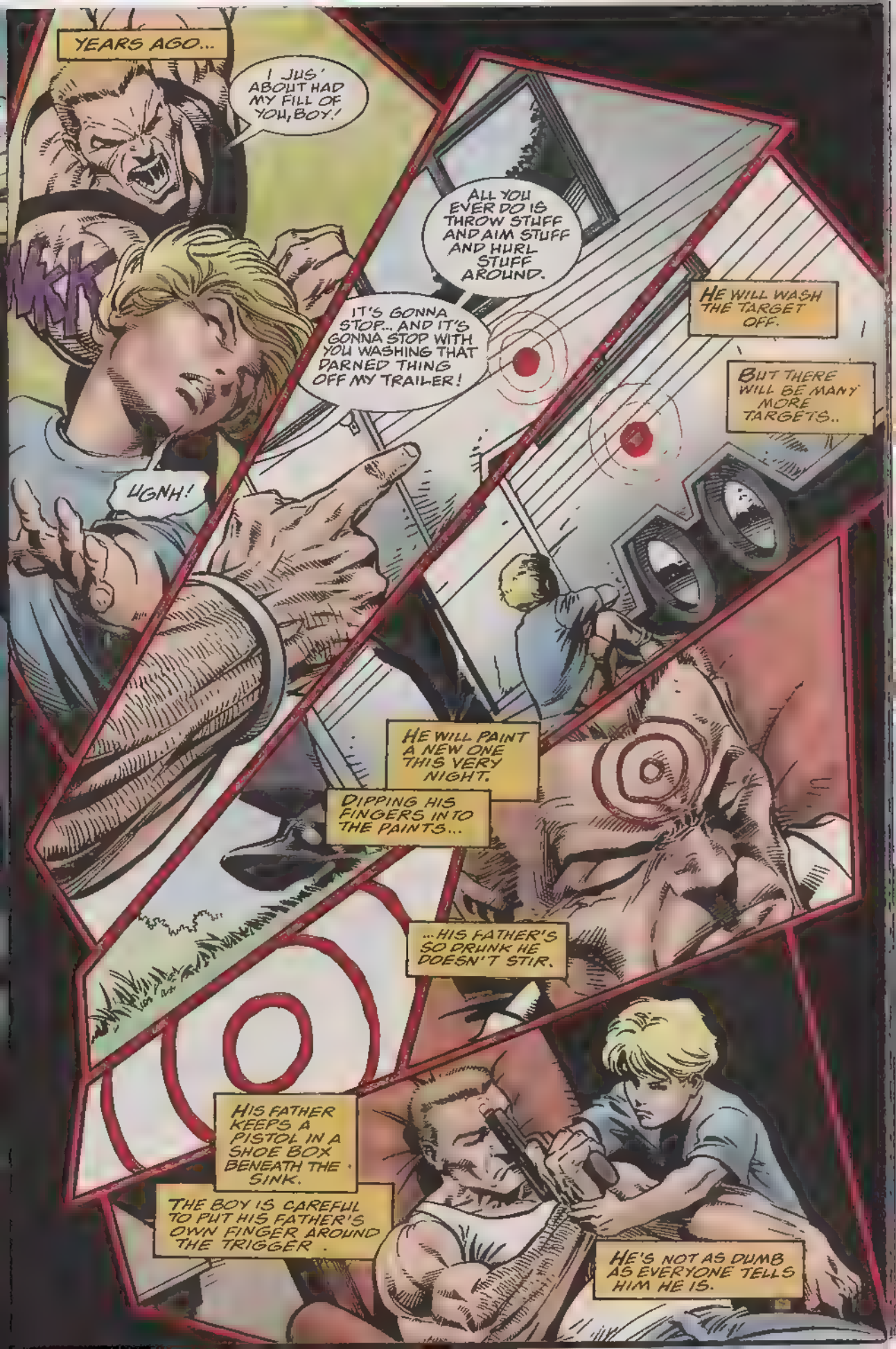
SHE AVOIDS THE FIRE ESCAPE.
... AVOID BULLSEYE.
READING HER
AND ALL THE TIME...
BUT CANNOT...
HE IS EVERY-WHERE.
PLAYING WITH HER.
... HIS INSANE SONG OF HER...
... HIS PERVERSE ELEKTRARHEA...
FRACTURE OF THE LEFT TIBIA...
HAS BEEN KNOWN TO CALL OUT MATT MURDOCK'S NAME IN HER SLEEP...
...EVEN AS A GIRL PRONE TO PERIODS OF MELANCHOLIA...
HOW?
HEY, I THOUGHT YOU MODERN FEMINIST TYPES LIKED A GUY TO TAKE A REAL INTEREST IN YOU!
HOW ARE YOU DOING THIS?
HAH HAH HAHA

MONTHS AGO...
BULLSEYE'S LOWER EAST SIDE APARTMENT
I DON'T NEED TO PROVE NOTHING TO NO ONE-- LEAST OF ALL A BUNCH OF SMOCK-WEARING BUCKET-HEADS LIKE YOU!
IF YOU WANNA OFFER ME THIS MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR CONTRACT, OFFER IT...
...IF NOT, GET OUT BEFORE MY FISTS GET INTIMATE WITH YOUR INTERNAL ORGANS.
WE, AND MORE TO THE POINT, OUR MASTER--
--MAY THE WIND WHISPER HIS NAME FOR ALL TIME--
--REMAIN UN-CONVINCED.
HOW EFFEC-TIVE IS AN ASSASSIN ..WHOSE VICTIMS DO NOT REMAIN DEAD...?
SHE WAS DIFFERENT!
I KILLED HER GOOD, MAN! FACT THAT SHE'S SO SPOOKY SHE CAME BACK TO LIFE DON'T MEAN I AIN'T THE MEANEST, NASTIEST ASSASSIN AROUND!
SO PROVE IT. KILL THE WOMAN KNOWN AS ELEKTRA.
AND SEE TO IT THIS TIME YOU MAKE HER DEMISE A BIT LESS TRANSI-TORY.
OKAY, I AIN'T SCARED OF THAT BLACK-EYED WITCH!
I'LL KILL HER. I'LL GO RIGHT OUT NOW AND FIND HER AND--
BE SLAUGHTERED BY HER. AND I DOUBT YOUR POWERS OF RESURRECTION ARE AS FINELY TUNED AS ELEKTRA'S
WE NOTE THAT AMONG OTHER THINGS YOU WERE DIAG-NOSED AS SUFFERING FROM MONOMANIA.
THIS OBSESSIVE TRAIT WILL BE USEFUL IN THE MONTHS AHEAD

MONTHS PASS
MONTHS THAT ARE FULL OF ELEKTRA AND ELEKTRA ALONE.
BY NIGHT HIS DREAMS ARE TAKEN OVER BY HER.
. HE WAKES WITH HER NAME ON HIS LIPS, THE VERY SCENT OF HER SWEAT ON HIS SKIN. .
.. BY DAY HIS EVERY THOUGHT AND ACTION IS DIRECTED TOWARDS HER.
HE DOESN'T KNOW OR CARE ..
.WHERE THOSE BUCKET-HEADS GOT ALL THIS STUFF...
HOLOGRAMS.
VIDEOS.
FILMS.
COMPUTER BREAKDOWNS OF HER MOVEMENTS.
SUBLIMINAL PORTRAITS OF ALL SHE IS
SOMETIMES HE CAN SENSE HER OUT IN THE CITY...
.THE SHAPE HER BODY MAKES IN THE STICKY NIGHT.
HE BEGINS TO READ HER. .
..WHAT EVERY TWITCH, EACH POSTURE PORTENDS.
HIS HUNGER GROWS.

NOW...
UGNH!
ALMOST OVER, ELEKTRA.
JUST A LITTLE MORE PAIN, A FEW MORE SHUDDERS THROUGH THAT PERFECT BODY OF YOURS...
...AND THEN I'LL PUT YOU OUT OF YOUR MISERY.
...DARKNESS CLOSES AROUND HER.
HE'S RIGHT, SHE THINKS.
ALMOST OVER.
DAD, HE'S KILLING HER! WE'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!
IT'S NOT OUR FIGHT... LET'S... GO...
BUT HE'S KILLING HER!
NINA! COME BACK HERE!
I CAN'T LOSE YOU TOO!

AND STILL IT DOESN'T END.
SHE'S PAST WILL POWER NOW.
IT'S JUST STUBBORNESS KEEPING HER UPRIGHT.
SHE DOES NOT KNOW WHERE SHE GETS THE STRENGTH--
--FOR HER ONE LAST SHOT...
NICE TRY, BABY.
BUT I SAW IT COMING.
HER ONLY CHANCE..
..KEEP HIM TALKING...
...BUY A LITTLE TIME
DON'T BLACK OUT...
...KEEP TALKING.
YOU REALLY FELL APART WHEN RICH OLD DADDY BOUGHT IT. THAT WAS REALLY STUPID OF YOU, LETTIN' SOMETHING LIKE THAT GET TO YOU.
ME, I DIDN'T CARE LESS WHEN PA KICKED THE BUCKET.
YOU MUST HAVE FELT SOMETHING... FOR YOUR OWN... FATHER...
LISTEN, SUGAR.. THERE'S ONE VERY SIMPLE REASON WHY I DIDN'T CARE WHEN DADDY WENT TO HEAVEN...
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU.


YEARS AGO...
I JUS' ABOUT HAD MY FILL OF YOU, BOY!
WKK
UGNH!
ALL YOU EVER DO IS THROW STUFF AND AIM STUFF AND HURL STUFF AROUND.
IT'S GONNA STOP... AND IT'S GONNA STOP WITH YOU WASHING THAT DARNED THING OFF MY TRAILER!
HE WILL WASH THE TARGET OFF.
BUT THERE WILL BE MANY MORE TARGETS..
HE WILL PAINT A NEW ONE THIS VERY NIGHT.
DIPPING HIS FINGERS IN TO THE PAINTS...
...HIS FATHER'S SO DRUNK HE DOESN'T STIR.
HIS FATHER KEEPS A PISTOL IN A SHOE BOX BENEATH THE SINK.
THE BOY IS CAREFUL TO PUT HIS FATHER'S OWN FINGER AROUND THE TRIGGER.
HE'S NOT AS DUMB AS EVERYONE TELLS HIM HE IS.

DIRTY. NOT LIKE YOU AT ALL.

IT'LL BE THE LAST DIRTY THING YOU DO.

CHANGE THE SCRIPT.

BURN ALL THE PAGES.

PULL OFF YOUR TRAGIC MASK.

Huh?

FORGET YOUR TRAINING.

ACKK!!

FORGET ALL THAT YOU HAVE LEARNED.

FORGET ELEKTRA.

HE CANNOT UNDERSTAND IT.

HE DOESN'T **RECOGNIZE** HER ANYMORE.

SHE ISN'T FIGHTING **PROPERLY**.

THE LOOK ON HER FACE

SHE ISN'T HUMAN.

SHE'S AN INSANE THING, A DANCING GODDESS OUT FOR BLOOD.

THIS... THIS AIN'T HAPPENING...

...WHO... WHO THE HECK **ARE** YOU?

KRAKT
GO CRAZY...
...WILD, UNFETTERED, GREEK...
...DRAW ON THE OLD, SAVAGE DRAMAS THAT RUN THROUGH YOUR VEINS...
THIS ISN'T HAPPENING... Heh... Heh... ALL THAT WORK... ALL THAT PREP-ARATION...
IT'S MY TRAILER NOW, PA... MY... TRAILER... Heh... Heh...
SHUT UP. WHO GAVE YOU... ALL OF THAT INFORMATION... ABOUT ME?
HE WHIMPERS THE ADDRESS OF HIS APARTMENT.
SHE CAN ALREADY TASTE HIS BLOOD BETWEEN HER TEETH.
HER KNEES GO WEAK, HER HEART RACES, HER MIND SWOONS.
NOW...
...NOW I KILL YOU, BULLS-EYE!

NO.
IT ALMOST HAPPENED AGAIN.
THE DARKNESS ALMOST TOOK HER AGAIN.
GO ON, KILL ME. I WOULD'VE KILLED YOU, AND ENJOYED EVERY MINUTE.
WE'RE PRETTY MUCH THE SAME YOU AN' ME. I KNOW HOW BAD YOU WANNA SHOVE THAT SWORD INTO ME...
I KNOW YOUR HOT LITTLE APPETITE FOR THIS KINDA STUFF.
NO, WE'RE NOT ALIKE. I'M NOT GOING TO KILL YOU...
I'M GOING TO HAVE YOU COM-MITTED.
DO IT FOR DADDY. I'M PART OF THE BIG, BAD WORLD THAT KILLED HIM!
AND IT WASN'T A QUICK DEATH. IT WAS ANY-THING BUT QUICK.
IT WON'T WORK, BULLSEYE.
I'M FREE OF YOU NOW. YOU MEAN...
...NOTHING TO ME...
...THAT... THAT NECKLACE...
MY FATHER'S NECKLACE!!

I MADE THAT NECKLACE. STAVROS SHOWED ME HOW... A GIFT FOR PAP...
...FOR MY FATHER...
...IT WAS APPARENTLY... TORN FROM MY FATHER'S NECK... WHEN HE WAS MURDERED.
THINK STRAIGHT.
TRY TO CLEAR YOUR HEAD.
SHE KNOWS BULLSEYE... DID NOT KILL HER FATHER.
BUT PERHAPS THE ONE WHO HAS BEEN PRIMING HIM.
SHE SEEMS TO HEAR A CRY.
HER OWN WAILING LAMENT OVER THE DEATH OF HER FATHER.
THE IMAGINED CRY CUTS THROUGH HER.
BUT THEN SHE REALIZES IT IS NOT IN HER IMAGINATION...
...AND NOT HER CRY.

AMIDST THE DEBRIS OF THE SHATTERED FIRE ESCAPE...
DAD! DAD, DON'T DIE... YOU CAN'T DIE... Oh GOD, YOU CAN'T DIE!
SHE ALLOWS THE BLACKNESS TO SWALLOW HER NOW...
--GIVING HER FATHER THE NECKLACE THAT STAVROS SHOWED HER HOW TO MAKE.
ELEKTRA... HOW LOVELY.
...EXHAUSTION...
...THE SUDDEN NEED TO ESCAPE THIS WORLD...
...CONSPIRE TO RENDER HER UNCONSCIOUS.
THE SUN SLOWLY SLIPPING BEHIND THE WORLD...
...TURNING FOR ONE MOMENT THE IONIAN SEA RED, AS ELEKTRA LAUGHS IN THAT GIRLISH WAY SHE USED TO HAVE, SAYING:
AND SHE IS NO LONGER IN NEW YORK.
SHE IS IN GREECE--
"HAPPY FATHER'S DAY."